













## POETRY.

From the New York Reformer.

**THE MISSION OF THE REFORMER.**  
Ye that for progress would be sought achieving,  
Worthy your sacred mission on this sphere,  
And in life's roof the golden threads be weaving,  
To fill it with immortal beauty here,  
Rouse for the contest—'tis no time to falter—  
Wage endless war 'gainst folly, vice and crime;  
And send the slave-ship, bottle, and the halter,  
To slumber with the creeds of ancient time.  
Long have man's wrongs been waiting to be righted;  
But now the promised hour approaches fast;  
The beacon-fires on many a hill are lighted,  
And the stern war-cries rise on the blast.  
That shout has roused your enemies from slumber,  
And as one man against you they unite;  
Yet earnest hearts, however few in number,  
When once in arms, must triumph in the fight.

Your cause is holy; 'tis to guide the erring,  
To lead the blind, and make the deaf to hear;  
To win to virtue those who, vice preferring,  
Plunge in the slough of crime without a fear;  
To snatch from jaws of death the infant sinner,  
To tear from sensual vice the yielding prey,  
To aid with hope the resolute beginner,  
Turn his face heaven-ward, and speed the way.

But most, to grapple with the fell destroyer—  
The Lethe draught that brutifies the soul—  
To banish from your homes the peace-destroyer,  
And on your hearth-stones dash the fatal bowl.  
From bondage free the sons of labor,  
Till every man be sovereign in his right;  
Till rich and poor be neighbor unto neighbor,  
And in the cause with heart and hand unite.

But ere the heart be thus regenerated,  
Many a daring heart and hand it needs;  
For those who act, thus far the cause has waited;  
The age of progress asks not words, but deeds!  
Go, then, ye workers in the great progression,  
Lift up your erring brethren from the dust,  
And let no soul that bears a God's impression,  
In crime or idleness corrupt or rust.

O. G. W.

## OCTOBER.

BY WILLIAM GAYLORD CLARKE.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,  
Month of my heart! thou dostst here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strew  
The Summer's melancholy bier;  
The moaning of thy wind I hear,  
And the red sunset dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.  
Thou solemnest month! I hear thy voice!  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice—  
When earth was lovely to my gaze.  
Oh, visions bright! Oh, blessed hours!  
Where are their living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's wearied powers,  
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

I look to Nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead honors on the ground;  
And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low pinions murmur by,  
How much their sweeping tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny!

When Spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the west;  
They bore the woodlark's melting tone,  
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast.  
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But, changed and strengthened, now they beat  
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the heart,  
When life is fresh and joy is new;  
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all as they are true!  
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,  
Till Grief's not high around it breathe,  
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns,  
Alas! for Time, and Death, and Care!

What gloom about our way they fling,  
Like clouds in August's gusty air,  
The burial pageant of the Spring,  
The dreams that each successive year  
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And sleep in darkness, side by side.

The New York Tribune attributes the following,  
from Putnam's Monthly for December, to Mr. Long-  
fellow—

## PHANTOMS.

All houses wherein men have lived and died,  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms of their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.  
We meet them at the door-way, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, indolent ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.  
The stranger at my bedside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
He but perceives what is, while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title deeds to house or lands;  
Owners or occupants of earlier days  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.  
The sky-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.  
The perturbations, the perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of that unseen star—  
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and night;  
So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
We tread our thoughts above the dark abyss.

## TO A CHILD.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Oh, thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God!  
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed  
By the unceasing music of thy being;  
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.  
'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,  
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday  
Thou later Revelation! Silver stream,  
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,  
Whence all things flow!

## THE LIBERATOR.

TO C. E. W.

My FRIEND:  
I have read your letter with great interest. It is clear, honest, and intelligible. Permit me, however, to ask you a few more questions. Ought not our judgment in religion to be founded on those same laws of reason and common sense, on which we act in the matters of ordinary life? Let us apply this to the case under discussion. The question between you and me is the one relating to the probable course of an intelligent being, our Creator. We are considering what he is likely to do in a future state. Now I ask you, if exactly the same laws ought not to apply, in forming our judgments on this point, that we should apply in forming an opinion of the future conduct of any intelligent being?

When we wish to judge what the Emperor of France or Russia is going to do in certain future cases, the universal common sense mode is to inquire what he has done in time past—by what principles he has hitherto conducted his administrations. In like manner, when the inquiry is, 'What is the Author of Nature likely to do in a future world?' we can only solve it by inquiring what sort of things he has done in this.

You would think it absurd for a man to reason about the Emperor of France in the following manner—  
'I find within myself a conception of a ruler, self-denying, tender, magnanimous, generous and just—not seeking his own good, but the good of his people. This beautiful conception of a sovereign authority made remarkable by pure goodness, I have entire faith in, and believe that the Emperor of France will realize it in all his future course. It is true, that all the facts of his past administration, as far as I have been able to obtain them, are entirely against this supposition, and would lead me to quite another result; but this does not in the least shake my faith—I feel just the same certainty that he will in the end realize my conception.'

This, if I understand it, is precisely the ground on which you found your belief that the Creator will eventually bring out his administrations according to our views of justice and goodness.

You admit the facts of his great administration to be as I have stated them—that he has, in what we know of him in his arrangements of the laws of nature, systematically disregarded many principles of justice and kindness acknowledged among men; and yet, without any basis but an impression, you are sure that in a future state he will act in accordance with them.

Why is this reasoning any better, as applied to the future way of the Creator, than as applied to the future course of the Emperor of France?

Would you not think it absurd to find any practical movement of consequence on deductions with regard to the future conduct of the Emperor of France, obtained in the way which I have stated?

Would you think it wise to advise a man to risk fifty thousand dollars of property on a conviction gained in this manner? And are men to desert all the ordinary rules of practical common sense, when they come to matters of religion?

You consider the fact that the Bible teaches the eternal misery of a certain portion of minds, a sufficient fact for supposing that it could not come from the Author of Nature.

Yet you admit that he has done things which, as far as they go, are as really at variance with what you conceive to be the principles of justice and kindness. Now I assert, and think I can maintain the proposition, that the existence of eternal evil and suffering can be made as probable by the light of Nature as from Revelation.

And there is this difference in the picture, that the misery shown to be probable by the light of nature, is in many cases just as likely to come on the innocent and good, as on the bad.

According to your mode of reasoning, there may be as many gods as there are different sorts of men. You conceive of a Being generous, merciful, and just, who finds his greatest pleasure in doing good; and you say, I find a conviction within myself that this is God, because it is what I think God ought to be.

The sensuous and pleasure-loving Greek forms a conception of a beautiful, imperious, half-intellectual, half-physical Being, using divine power and wisdom only for self-gratification, and he says, 'I find within myself this idea of what God should be, therefore such he is.'

The Thing of India, whose ideas of moral excellence consist in capableness and adroitness in killing men, conceives of God as a great destroyer, and adores him principally on this account.

Each of these has the same basis with you, for supposing his conception of God to be the true one. It appears to me that the conception which you have, is one which was introduced into the world by that very Bible which you disown.

It was Christ and his predecessors who taught us that God is a tender, merciful Father; and it is Christ, who taught the most explicitly the danger of eternal misery.

You say, that a Being, who can see his creatures writhe in sufferings which he has power to relieve, without relieving them; who hides himself from them when they call, and when distress and anguish come upon them, will not answer, is a Being contrary to all your conceptions of goodness.

But does not our Creator look down daily on writhings of anguish which we could not bear even to think upon? Is not the whole air of this world filled with cries and prayers for relief, which are not answered? All that you know about the Creator, without the Bible, is, that he is an inflexible supporter of law, and visits the breach of law with unsparring penalty, whether the subject was innocent or guilty; whether he had any chance to know the law or not; whether the law was broken by his own fault, or the fault of others. His creatures do often call upon him, and he does not answer; they seek his help, and they do not find it. How do you know it will not be so in another world, when it has always been so in this? If you say this evil is all temporary, and working to a higher good, this is assuming the very question in dispute. What we are arguing is, whether evil is temporary or eternal.

You say that this world is a primary school; how do you know it? Has the race of man, as a race, made any such profitable progress in goodness as to suggest this idea? If it be a primary school, it is not a primary school conducted on laws, many of which all our human instincts and convictions would condemn as cruel and unjust.

What would you think of a teacher of a primary school, who should imitate the example of the system of this world? Should the teacher of an infant school enact a complicated system of laws, which the children could not, by any possibility, accurately understand, yet inflexibly punish every violation of them, what should we think of it? Should he systematically cause some to suffer for the sins of others, what would you think of it? Should he systematically place inexperienced children under the care of depraved teachers, what would you think of it? Should he give some infinitely better advantages than others for knowing and doing right, yet systematically punish those thus deprived, what would you think of it? No one would suppose a teacher, who conducted a primary school in this way, could have any reasonable expectations of training scholars in virtue. To my view, this world has not the aspect of being designed as a primary school, any more than man, with his gigantic depravity, seems like an innocent primary scholar.

I put to you the question: If the Creator be what you think him, why did he arrange a system involving so much suffering, so much misery, injustice and cruelty?

If you answer, The nature of things was such that he could not do any better, then I reply, the nature of things may continue such for ever. It may be as much out of the Creator's power to avoid eternal future suffering, as suffering here.

I have a view of God in which I find rest, a view similar to the one you describe; but my grounds for believing it to be the true view are declarations in the Bible, and deeds ascribed to God there—a Bible authenticated by evidence such as God alone could give. There I find the difficulties of the natural system frankly admitted—Clouds and darkness are round about him. His way is in the sea; his footsteps in the great deep; his paths are not known; yet justice and goodness are the habitation of his throne.

In the Bible, I see the seemingly inflexible, unmoved Creator appearing in the form of a sympathizing, suffering, self-denying Redeemer. I see him wearing our forms, bearing our sorrows, afflicted in our afflictions. Nature shows me only a God who calmly suffers the dearest things. The Bible shows me this God weeping over the grave; and in that heaven to which he has ascended, I view him bearing, in his patient, generous bosom, the anguish of a world. With him I am willing to suffer, with him to labor, and while I view him suffering and laboring, I can believe the world which tells me that, though evil be eternal, it will be from no fault in him.

H. E. B.

## CATALOGUE OF SOUTHERN ATROCITIES.

**Atrocious Murder.**—The telegraphic despatches have stated briefly, that Wm. H. G. Butler, a teacher of an academy at Louisville, had been shot down in his school by the 8th inst., by William Curtis, of Frederick Brown. The circumstances attending the murder are briefly these, as we are informed: A protracted meeting of some interest had been going on for some days at the house above named. On Thursday, the day of the murder, Brown was seen coming through a window, with a young lady in the house, during services. The mother of the young lady, who was also the aunt of Curtis, went to the place where her daughter was sitting, and observed to Brown that she did not think any gentleman for talking with her daughter in that manner, and said to Brown that he had better come into the house and get religion. At this, Brown seemed offended, and indulged in some harsh remarks against her, in the hearing of Curtis. Curtis required him to take the marks back, but Brown refused to do so, and started off. Curtis drew aside with a friend, from whom it is supposed, he borrowed a pistol, and then pursuing Brown, overtook him about two hundred yards from the meeting-house. He then struck Brown with a cowhide. Brown turned upon him, and Curtis told Brown not to advance upon him, for if he did, he was a dead man. But B. continued to advance, and when almost within reach of C. C. drew a pistol, and shot him dead. We understand that the ball entered just below the eye. C. looked upon the murdered man a moment, and then turned and has not yet been arrested.—*Culpeper, (Va.) Observer.*

**Murder in McGeeville.**—We understand that a man by the name of George Lilly, living in the neighborhood of McGeeville, was shot and killed by a man named McCarty, living in the same neighborhood, on Tuesday evening last. Lilly was stabbed with a knife, and died instantly. The murderer made his escape, and has not yet been arrested.—*Harrisburg, (Pa.) Republican, 17th.*

**The recent duel in South Carolina.**—The Charleston papers maintain a profound silence in regard to the causes that led to the duel which took place near that city last week. The Washington Star, however, supplies the following particulars:—

We learn from a source in which we place confidence, that the recent duel between Messrs. Donovan and Davidson, Legare, occurring in the vicinity of Charleston, grew out of some difficulty about a lady to whom the former is said to be engaged. Legare challenged, and Donovan accepted the challenge, choosing pistols, distance three paces, the first fire to be determined by lot. Donovan fired first, and his ball struck his antagonist through the heart, his pistol being within five or six feet of his breast. It was a celebrated murder: the murdered man, however, describing as little sympathy as his executioner, for assenting to the duel, and placing his hand on the trigger of his pistol in such a position. The only reason for regret connected with the affair is, that Donovan was not so free of punishment for such a murder, under pretence of fighting a duel.

On the 8th inst., an affray took place near Tibbitt's cross-roads, some ten miles back of Alexandria, in Campbell County, Ky., between William Prichard and Jesse Yellon, which resulted in the death of the former. The parties were both between fifty and sixty years of age, both were well known, having a few years ago been County Judge, and being generally prominent as a citizen. Prichard was famed for his height, being the tallest man in Kentucky, with the exception of the celebrity known as the 'Kentucky giant.'

The Gallatin Gazette publishes the following:—  
'We understand that, on one night during the present season, a couple of runaway negroes, side from the stable of Mr. Martin Egan, a horse belonging to a young man named Murphy, who was over-seeing him, Egan, and both mounted his back and rode him until he dropped dead in the road, about seven miles below this. The negroes were both seen upon the horse several miles above this, and fired upon with a pistol.'

**Arrest of a Murderer and Highway Robber.** On the 14th day of July last, near Charleston, Kanawha County, Va., a man named John Arnold, was arrested on the highway, and from his person were taken three thousand dollars and some valuable papers. A man named William Patton, alias William Waller, who was seen in the murdered man's company the day of the murder, and who was suddenly missing, was suspected of having committed the murder. Patton was mate of the steamer Greenwood. Two Cincinnati policemen having received information that the murderer was in Campbell County, Ky., arrested him there on Monday. On his person were found some gold and silver, a diamond ring, and a revolver loaded heavily. He also had some gold in his possession, and says that a large amount is on deposit in this city. When questioned as to how the blood came on the knife, he replied: 'I killed an innocent man, a few years since, but am too smart to tell who the man was, or the place where I murdered him.'

**Loisville Journal.**  
**Loisville Affair.** We learn from some passengers on the Southern Belle, that on a recent trip to Louisville on Monday last, resulting in the probable death of Wm. K. Murray, a merchant of that place. We hear that he attacked with a sword-cane Dr. Chandler, formerly of Natchez, who, in turn, shot his assailant twice, once in the back and once through the chest, inflicting a difficulty between them is said to have been of a private nature.—*Natchez Courier.*

Mr. White, a Daguerreotypist, was shot dead in a fracas at Atlanta, Georgia, by a lad named Odessa White, formerly of New York.

The Little Rock *Whig*, of Sept. 1st, says that John G. Patton, a negro, who had been severely whipped on Monday last, by a desperado named Wm. C. the murder was deliberate, and without reasonable provocation. It was with difficulty the villain was kept from the hands of Judge Lynch.

**Affray in Kentucky.** On the 1st inst., (election day) an affray occurred in Elizabethtown, between Thomas D. Brown, Clerk of the Court, and Hon. B. H. Young, formerly a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and a peace-loving man, who were engaged in a quarrel, some people, when Brown interfered; the consequence was, that each discharged a pistol at the other, without damage. Afterwards, the parties met again, and exchanged shots in the street, when Brown was killed. Dr. Young is represented as an indignant peaceable man, and is believed to be entirely blameless.

**Fighting Candidates.** At Carthage, Miss., last week, at a public discussion, a fight took place between Col. McClung and Mr. Singleton, rival candidates for Congress. McClung kicked Singleton, causing much excitement. Friends interfered and separated the belligerents, when McClung proceeded with his speech.

In Union county, Ky., on the 27th ult., two men, named Lynn and Cowan, having had a difficulty, which was on that day renewed at the house of the former, the termination was most tragical. Cowan began the affray by throwing one of the children into the fire, doing it but little injury, whereupon Lynn shot him dead, and was justified in the legal execution.

**Fatal Affray.** A rencontre took place in this city on the 24th instant, between Mr. Hill, a ginwright, as we learn, by trade, and Mr. August Legare, in which the latter was stabbed three or four times by the former, which he died in a few minutes. The deceased was a quiet citizen, and never had a quarrel with anyone. McClung kicked Singleton, causing much excitement. Friends interfered and separated the belligerents, when McClung proceeded with his speech.

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**Murder by Negroes.**—We learn from the *Hawesville (Ky.) Pick and Plough*, of the 18th, that Peter Yerger was murdered by three of his slaves, near Versailles, in that county, a few days ago.

**Horrible Murder.**—On Monday evening, Oct. 17th, Mr. William K. Henry, a highly respected merchant of Natchez, was attacked by one of his own slaves, named Brown, and most terribly injured. It seems that Mr. Henry was about to chastise the boy for some offence, when the latter attacked him from behind with a small knife, knocked him down, stamped upon him, endeavored to choke him with his cravat, and finally beat him on the head of the face with a part of the bench, entirely destroying his right eye, and crushing in the skull from the eye to the ear. Part of the horrible crime was committed in the presence of Mr. Henry's wife and children. The former had her finger severely bitten by the negro, who attempted to kill her husband, while one of the boy narrowly escaped the savage blow aimed at her. The latter had been a favorite servant of Mr. Henry, and allowed great liberties by him. He was probably intoxicated at the time. He immediately fled.

**Horrible Murder of a Slave.**—*Petersburg, Va., Nov. 16.*—Thomas Morley has been convicted, at Alexandria, South Carolina, for the murder of a runaway slave. It was proved on the trial, that the injured slave, who was named John, was put in a vice, and tortured him. He then set him loose, strangled him with his hands, and ran him down, mangled him horribly, and then, as a consummation of his fiendish purposes, he cut up the body of the slave, and fed his flesh to the dogs at his husband's house. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to the gallows.

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**Murder by Negroes.**—We learn from the *Hawesville (Ky.) Pick and Plough*, of the 18th, that Peter Yerger was murdered by three of his slaves, near Versailles, in that county, a few days ago.

**Singular Suicide.**—The Florida *Whig* of the 29th ult. records a remarkable case of suicide by a negro belonging to Dr. Franklin Hart, of Marianna, who precipitated himself, head-first, into the well, and was drowned. The circumstances were these:—A few days, probably a week preceding, the negro, pumpered by too good treatment, attacked his master, and inflicted considerable injury, and, of course, ran away. On the following Sunday evening, he came to the house of a servant belonging to a gentleman of the place, who immediately and faithfully reported his appearance to Dr. Hart, who had him secured. On Monday morning, he asked to step out, and he doubtless concluded that for the purpose of receiving a well-merited chastisement, he threw himself into the well, and, probably stunned by the descent, his own efforts to save himself, though violent, were unavailing, and those from above fruitless, though speedily rendered.

**Truly Melancholy.**—It is with a sad heart that we chronicle the death of our townsman and friend, Thos. F. Swan. He was, on Friday morning last, stabbed in the left side by Joseph Marlow, Jr., in an affray in which Joseph Marlow, Sr., participated, and died a few moments from the effects of the wound. The perpetrator of the deed immediately surrendered himself to the custody of the sheriff of the county.—*Lexington (Miss.) Ad.*

**Mississippi.**—A fight took place on the 6th inst., in Graysport, Yallahus county, between W. E. Jones and Ira Squires, which resulted in the death of the latter, and the seriously, if not mortally wounding of the former.

**Excitement and Attempted Riot at Charlottesville.**—*Richmond, Va., Nov. 22.*—A large crowd of persons assembled outside the University at Charlottesville, a few days since, and at one time threatened serious difficulties. The cause of these proceedings arose out of two of the students in the University being sent to jail for disturbing an exhibition which came off last week.

The crowd about the jail where the prisoners were confined numbered over three hundred, and threatened to demolish the building, unless the prisoners were released. Professor Harrison endeavored to expostulate with the rioters, and warned them not to carry their threats into execution, as the jail was defended by one hundred and thirty rife-men. A committee was finally appointed to confer with the authorities; the excitement in the meantime being very great.

**Fatal Rencontre.**—A bloody tragedy, says the *Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer*, was enacted at Dinwiddie Court House, on Monday evening, Thomas J. Lewis, believing that E. A. Lewis had invaded his conjugal rights, when in the act of denouncing him therefor, when the latter seized him, and a scuffle ensued, during which Thomas fired a pistol at E. A. Lewis, the ball of which passed through his right lung and lodged in the back just beneath the skin, having almost perforated his body. The wounded man lingered till Monday night, when he expired. Court being in session, Thomas J. Lewis, was ordered to stand bail, and awaits his examination. Edward, we understand, is a married man, and during the moments, before all around him, that he had ever committed the offence which was imputed to him by his relative.

**A Tragedy in Kentucky.**—The Louisville *Journal* says that a melancholy affair occurred a few days since, on the Bardonia turnpike, about eight miles from that city. A man named Christian G. Martin had been teaching school there, and engaged himself to Miss Emily Shaw, also a teacher, whose parents reside there. Martin, in fact, obtained the marriage license. Afterwards, he concluded not to marry her, and to screen himself from the consequences, presented a paper to her for signature, in which she was charged with having exercised the grossest improprieties. She refused to sign it. Martin and a brother of his, Miss Shaw then got into a fight in which Miss Shaw drew a pistol, which Martin attempted to wrench from him, and it went off accidentally, the ball entering in front, near the shoulder, and lodging in the back. Miss Shaw, unconscious of the fact, continued to fire, and the ball struck Martin in the chest, and he died. The body was found lying on the ground, and it was supposed that Martin had sometime since killed his own brother. It is a singular fact